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GEORGE O. BARNES.

## God is Love and Nothing Else.

PRaise THE LORD.

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 11, 1888.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Your SEMI-WEEKLY begins to pull upon my taste slightly. I miss Bro. Barnes' letters greatly. I find it difficult to state how much I enjoy them; and so, I shall take measures to gratify myself, by seeing that they resume their regular appearance.

If this looks like Sheridan's man, who never spoke of himself without uncovering and making a deferential bow, I can't help it. I really believe—so great is the force of habit—that I miss my own letters far more than any of your subscribers do; which, I am afraid, looks very much as if I thought more of myself than any one else thinks of me. Being like the average human, I suppose this must be "about the size of it."

And as I date this, I am reminded that the concentrated symbols of resurrection—three Is and three Ss—appear in a date for the last time before that august event will happen. God grant that the years may not wear out "till Jesus comes."

"Oh let my lamp be burning,

When Jesus comes,

For Him my soul be yearning,

When Jesus comes."

I have been in the house—Wm. Reynolds', Peoria, Ill.—where dear Bliss, one sleepless night, wrote the words and music of that wondrous song. How "his soul keeps marching on," in that thrilling melody! There is something essentially imperishable in true poetry and music. It is the language of immortality.

But I must speak a word of apology for my long silence. It has not been quite voluntary. The fact is, we have been so unsettled for the past two weeks that writing has been almost out of the question, beyond the ordinary, brief correspondence, business and other, that has to be attended to "on the spot." I recall one crowded day in which we were in four towns, which almost equals the perambulations of the knights of the griseback, called "commercial travelers."

The glorious meeting in Paris closed in abounding blessing—just as we would have it. Bro. Sweeney being first on the ground, as he generally is, harvested the "first fruits" in a most industrious fashion, and is, at this writing, I believe, continuing a blessed "revival" series of services. I hope the other brethren will follow his good example and "gather them in." That is the proper and scriptural division of labor. The evangelist is a "shepherd's dog," barking the unwelcome, who brings the wanderers off the hillside and out of the hollows. The pastor folds the sheep and cares for them tenderly. Both are gifts of God; and both have their own distinct work. I would that all the Lord's helpers saw this. There ought to be no friction. Neither can do the other's work well. "Whereunto ye are CALLED" is the Master's division of His servants. The devil tries to get things mixed, according to his wont; and so, how often we find one "called of God" to be an evangelist, doing a pastor's work, and *vice versa*. Confusion is bound to follow. I think I was about the poorest pastor a church was ever saddled with. Why? That was not my work. I have been successful as an evangelist. Why? It was my work. Alas! most of us waste the marrow of life in going aimlessly around, in a sort of devil's chase, trying to find out what we are fit for. Some never discover their mission at all. And some begin theirs at the jaded close, instead of the cheery and vigorous beginning of life's journey. Blessed, indeed, are those who "begin at the beginning," and go steadily on.

After Paris, came two days at Winchester. A rested sojourn it was at "Dovecote Hall," where preside the dear children whom we love so well. Sweet sisters, these, whom, may kind heaven defend from soaring hawk or greedy vulture, in all their happy future. Our Sisters Ecton and Gordon, ever zealous of the truth, had bestirred themselves, and seen that the court-house was ready and the meeting extensively advertised. Dear prized, fellow-helpers are those "elect ladies." God bless them, ever.

The two lectures delivered in Winchester were fully attended. Both nights were dimly dark and the slop underfoot was depressing, to a degree. But the people came out in shoals, "all the same." For the first time, at Winchester, I got my lecture on "Lost Israel" into something like logical shape, to suit my own mind. Really, four would hardly suffice to put the interesting subject, in something of detail, before the people. But I can compress into two, by the present arrangement, most of which is absolutely essential to say; so as to prevent confusion, with those who are unfamiliar with the topic I touch upon.

The first lecture is on the "Lost Tribes of Israel." The second on the "Vanished Sceptre of Judah." I think I can make them more interesting, as practice gives proper consolidation, and a better

logical arrangement of material. "Lecturing" is rather a novelty to me, and, I am free to confess, is not as easy as regular "preaching." But I get along pretty comfortably by approximating a preaching, as near as the "proprieties" will permit.

Wednesday and Thursday we spent at Georgetown, where the lectures were repeated; and where we were entertained by our steadfast friend, Mrs. Gov. Cantrell. We met, Thanksgiving Day, at the Governor's, our old friend, Gen. Fayette Hewitt, and Mr. Virgil, his brother and ours. Frank, of course, accompanied them; as bright and boyish as at Rugby, and growing up a splendid fellow. He'll soon be into trousers, heigho! I like him so much better in knee-breeches. But we must all bow to the inevitable, I suppose.

What a delightful two days we spent at Georgetown! What a lovely home it is, where we rested, in the most charming way; with everything that wealth could furnish, or love supply, to the Troupe! It was the "rocking-chair" of genial hospitality; delicious as a transient enjoyment; but which we would not dare to indulge in for long, if we wanted to keep our nerves and muscles braced for the work that requires hardness, as good "soldiers of Jesus Christ."

We had an appointment in Lebanon for Friday night, but missing connection, we suddenly determined on carrying out our original programme—to take in Lancaster and Stanford en route. Hiring a carriage in Danville, we made Lancaster "in the gloaming," and driving up to the Miller House, found our old host and firm friend, Sam Miller, on the sidewalk. His polite but formal "good evening" as he opened the carriage door to supposed strangers, gave place to an energetic "Hallelujah!" as he recognized the Troupe. Then he proceeded to make our unexpected arrival as dramatic as possible. Led by him, we scuttled with bent heads in front of the glass doors of the public-room, where John was, at the moment, sitting, and looking right across the line of our stealthy approach. Running rapidly up stairs, we burst in upon Sisters Mary, Sue and Douglas Woodcock. Shriek, shriek, shriek, followed by double-barrelled exclamations for the females; single ditto for "Bro. Barnes," all talking at once, after the familiar method that most delights the female heart. Meanwhile Sam was off, down stairs, to bring John up and paralyze him, too, with surprise. I think he prevaricated when John asked him what "Mary wanted;" after he had told him his wife was calling for him. Then we had another "surprise party" over John, when he came quietly in, to find out why he had been sent for. Then all of us talked together, with very little listening, and Babel reigned for a space once more.

At last we quieted down and got in a little rational conversation, and spent a most delightful evening.

The next morning we took to our carriage and drove over to Stanford, to strike the L. & N. and put ourselves beyond misconnections. Lunched at Col. Welch's and had a most pleasant hour with friends tried and true.

Made Lebanon in due time, and began in the court-house Saturday night. Mamma and I at the Hotel Norris and the girls guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony. We remained at Lebanon till the following Wednesday, preaching, and singing to crowded congregations.

Four days were all too short; but the Presbyterians were to begin a protracted meeting Wednesday night, and we would not break our rule of non-interference with other services. This self-denial has been little appreciated, but to no amount is "all in all" to us, in this gospel of Love and Nothing Else. I don't think we are working for human approval—dear to us, as it is—and so are in a great measure independent of it. There is immense advantage in that. It would wear life away to be always hankering after what we failed to receive. The dear Lord's approval is always ours, when in the right. What a comfort!

Twelve years before, almost to a day, I began, alone, this itinerant ministry, in Lebanon. To re-visit it, after that interval, was full of deepest interest to me. I was not "counted worthy" to preach again in the house where, for a month, in Dec. '76, I held forth. Since then somebody has RETROGRADED or GONE ON. My good friends think I have done the first. I am fully persuaded I have done the second. They, themselves, acknowledge they are *in statu quo*.

It is easy to say "Bro. Barnes has gone back since we saw him last." But has he? And who is to judge? Has ANY one a right to "judge" unless they have lived a better life than "Bro. Barnes" and have so far outstripped him in the christian race as to be in a position to judge him correctly. I wish some of my friends would look at the matter from this standpoint, for their own sakes. Not for mine; for, long since I have said with Paul, "It is a very small matter with me, to be judged of man's judgment. He that judgeth me is the LORD."

But it is not a "small matter" with others, as they will find, to judge a brother, or "set a brother at naught." There comes to all, that "judgment seat of Christ," when such things will finally be settled. It grieves me sorely, for others, whom I love, to have them incur such risks, by settling so grave a question in this slashing, off-hand, unjust manner.

Lebanon is also a landmark to me as the place of residence of that sturdy Presbyterian—Saint Thomas a Bracken, through whose instrumentality, more than any other's, I was forced to withdraw from that august body—the old school Presbyterian Church—"South of God"—as Presbyter Knott tells it, in his inimitable way. He likes me not, being exceedingly jealous of the "traditions of the elders;" that I hold in such small esteem; but I owe him a debt of gratitude for getting me out of my ecclesiastical straight jacket, that I can never repay.

He reigns, with almost absolute and well-deserved authority, over his flock in Lebanon; and if I had remained long enough, there would have been "trouble in the camp," of a surety; for some of his "sheep" and "lambs" were beginning to nibble very happily at Bro. Barnes' "heresy."

If the Lord will, in the spring, I purpose returning to Lebanon, when I hope to get many more of his dear people to hear me. Perhaps, by that time, the good man will, himself, come out and crop the "green pastures" where the dear Lord is leading me. What a melodramatic finale that would be, to this bit of ecclesiastical history!

Since coming to Louisville, the papers have kept you fully informed of our movements. How we began in the Central Mission to a "crowded house," which sounds big till you discover that 100 to 125 people will jam the little room to suffocation.

However, Bro. Munnell did a brave, good thing in standing by us, for which the good Lord will reward him, I am sure. And we have, long since learned not to "dispute the day of small things."

Another brave man is Bro. Cockrill, of the Cumb. Pres. Church, who had me to preach for him Sunday and Monday nights. God reward him, too!

Bro. Howes, pastor of the Wesley M. E. church, also kindly invited me to preach for him last Sunday night. God bless him!

Leiderkrantz Lower Hall was as much jammed Sunday afternoon as the little mission room; and many went away, at night, from the Cumberland church, cor. Oak and 2d, unable to get even standing room. So you see we are getting a "hearing," as we asked; and of the very people we want to reach. Praise the Lord!

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

## MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Chicago has beaten her own record by turning out 20 divorces in one day.

—Fountain Morgan and Miss Mollie Starner, sweet 16, were married in this county yesterday.

—Wm. Emmett, of Casey, who enters upon his third matrimonial venture, obtained license to marry Miss Sarah Roberts, of this county, a maiden of 30, yesterday. Mr. Emmett is himself on the shady side of 50.

—Mrs. Folsom indignantly denies the N. Y. Sun's story that she is to marry a consul, or any one else, and adds, "I am amazed that a newspaper should be indecent enough to give currency to such a story affecting one whose only offense is her relationship to the wife of the President."

## Card of Thanks.

Cedar Orchard, Dec. 12.—Through the columns of the Interior we desire to return our heartfelt thanks to the good people of Crab Orchard and elsewhere for the many kindnesses bestowed upon our darling Maggie during her long illness. And to Dr. Doones, especially, we are truly grateful for his untiring efforts to relieve our loved one. May God in His mercy shower His richest blessings on one and all, is the prayer of her heart-broken mother, KATE EGBERT.

RICHMOND.—Andy McChord, a good citizen and a prosperous farmer, died Saturday, aged 56. Bales & Miller received \$5.35 for their cattle in New York which is equal to \$4.65 at home.—Climax.

—Two Ohio dogs in human shape contested for a raw-egg-eating prize, when one got away with 31 and the other 36, the latter remarking that he would gulp down another dozen if anybody would pay for them.

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## The Interior Journal Man in Casey.

LIBERTY, Dec. 13.—Another six months has rolled around, another circuit court is in session here and another time I am in Liberty. For six long years I have heard the court-house bell announce the convening of "big court" and I confess I feel, as my jolly host, Bob Pierce, says of me, I am either one of the "necessary essentials" or "necessary evils" attendant on circuit court. This is pretty tough if my republican friend referred to above means the latter; but I suppose he has a right to say what he chooses as he and his party have the president, the Senate, the House, the hide and tail, and of course they have the right to commit such insignificant offenses as to abuse a democrat occasionally. Mr. Pierce sets a fine table though and gives you a No. 1 room, it matters not of what political faith you are, and this goes toward ameliorating a fellow's feelings to some extent.

Although several references have been made in these columns about the court-house which is nearing completion at this place, justice has not been done the handsome structure, which rises far above the surrounding buildings and reminds one of an oasis in a desert. It is built of the finest pressed brick and stone and of the most modern architecture. It will make Lincoln, Boyle and Garrard ashamed of their court-houses and these people are justly proud of having one surpassing those the blue-grass counties afford. It will be completed February 1 and Judge Morrow will dedicate it at June circuit court. On account of the great expense which the county has been put to in erecting this building, it has been deemed best that no clock be put in for the present, but that at a day when there is more finance in the treasury one be inserted in the cupola which is built for the purpose.

It is rather remarkable, but nevertheless true, that there has not been a child born in this place for 13 years. This is from good authority and from a person who has put himself to considerable trouble to know. It may not be speaking well for a town's growth and prosperity, but is a splendid recommendation for a place where a person can secure unadulterated rest. How nice it would be for some of the papas in Stanford to bundle up and come here for a week or two.

There is likely to be a scramble after the postoffice here, the first time in a generation. Mr. A. T. Royalty, the present incumbent, who has since 1852 been postmaster, and during the entire time has made a most excellent officer, informed me that there was already considerable talk as to his successor and that although he went through the 24 years of republican reign uninterrupted, he is sure that he will be ousted now. There is no money in the business and the old gentleman, who is now 80 years old, is perfectly willing to hand it over when ever he is notified.

Circuit court is being held in the church during the building of the court-house. It is by far a better place for the business than the old court-house was, but being several hundred yards from the business houses, a division of the crowd is necessarily made and for this reason alone was the court-house advantageous.

Mr. F. W. Warrinner has leased the Napier House, formerly run by Mr. J. W. Hoskins, and will keep it up to the high standard Mr. Hoskins made it. Mr. Warrinner is a good democrat and a most affable gentleman and will no doubt get a good share of the public patronage. I had a chat with the "old War Horse," Col. Frank Wolford, who was so badly beaten in the race for congress in the 11th. He is in good spirits and is much pleased with his race, although he told me it was pretty hard to stand Finley's dirty slings thrown at him while on the stump. He says though that he made Finley acknowledge several times before his audience that he was a liar and a coward and this was something of a recompense for his vulgar insinuations.

Messrs. R. C. Warren and D. R. Carpenter, of Staunton, are here. The former enjoys a large practice at this place, while Mr. Carpenter is talking in the interests of the Etna Life Insurance Co. Casey will soon be added to the "dry list." Only two legal bar rooms are run in the county, one at Liberty and the other at Dunnville, the license of one at Liberty having expired a few days before circuit court and those of the remaining two expiring in June. It will be mighty poor fun going to court after June and it is safe to say that the attendance thereafter will be very small. E. C. W.

Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night, and with one bottle she has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at A. R. Penny's drug store.

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